

# SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

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## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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## POETRY.

We insert the following lines, because

they purport to be from the pen of a fair

Mississippian, rather than from any pecu-

liar merit of their own. By the way, there

seems to be a little coterie of poetesses who

make the Free Trader the vehicle of com-

munication, to the public, of their produc-

tions. Is there no fair hand that will strike

the Lyre for our columns?

From the Mississippi Free Trader.

## SONG OF THE SENTINEL.

The moon is shining on the lake,

The mist is on the sea;

The breeze is playing in the brake,

And murmuring o'er the sea.

The night-bird sings his mellow song,

The grove is hushed in sleep;

The fisher's whistle, loud and long,

Goes echoing o'er the deep.

Above—the brilliant vault of light

Hangs forth the cheerful lamps;

The witch of ill stalks through the night

Amid her palace damps.

My comrades rest the weary head,

Consigned to oblivion sleep;

'Tis now the hour the sheeted dead

Their lonely vigils keep.

O'er yonder distant sparkling wave,

My happy kindred roam;

While there in soft succession lave

My own chill prison home.

But hark! amid the silence round

What tales the breezes tell!

Art thou—ah, no, below, around,

I cry again, "All's well!"

VICTORIN.

## CONGRESS.

### MR. WISE'S SPEECH.

In the House of Representatives, Dec. 12.

Mr. Wise's motion for the reference to a

Select Committee of that part of the Presi-

dent's Message which relates to the condi-

tion of the Executive Departments and the

manner in which they have been conducted,

being under consideration.

Mr. Wise addressed the House as fol-

lows:

Mr. Chairman: In submitting the resolu-

tion of reference which I have sent to the

chair, I deem it my duty to offer some re-

flexions to the House and to the country.

Sir, this paper is the last annual message

of Andrew Jackson. The contemplation of

it is deeply affecting to the sincere lover

of him, and solemnly mournful to the honest

lover of his country.

What should the last annual message of

Andrew Jackson have been? Who is he?

What has he been? The answer to this

question ought to determine what this last

act of his kind of his should have been.

A man of humble, but respectable origin,

he was born in the times of his country's

travail for independence. His precocious

spirit of resistance to oppression marked

his infant body with the scars of the Revolu-

tion. After the times which tried men's

souls had passed away; after the blessings

of freedom had been secured by all the mun-

iments of the institutions of our fathers, the

fruits of peace, and virtue, and wisdom, and

jealous patriotism; after varied and chequered

scenes of private and public life, under

a destiny adverse only so far that it was

full of dangers, in games not olympic, in

contests not heroic, we find him in the midst

of his country's second troubles, a citizen

soldier, a Major General of the Army of the

Republic.

He was ambitious of fame; and as long

as mankind shall continue to bestow more

liberal applause upon their destroyers than

on their benefactors, the thirst for military

glory will ever be the vice of the most ex-

alted characters. A bold, energetic, and

dauntless commander, he carried conquest

in spite of all dangers and difficulties,

into the very wilderness of the savage

tribes of the Southern frontier; was the

daring, but successful and justified in-

his warlike occupations, were gone, but

civil honors were showered and thickened

around him. From the camp he rose to a

seat in the Senate chamber—for then the

Senate chamber was higher than the camp.

He bore, or seemed to bear his honors pa-

tiently; but all that had been done, or could

be done, it seemed, was not enough for him

in the estimation of a generous people. He

was nominated for the first place on earth

—the Presidency of these united, sovereign

and independent States of America; for

then these States were united, sovereign

and independent. Civilians and statesmen

of proudest names and stations, were his

competitors—but he was the people's candi-

date against men in office—against the

powers that were—against their intrigues,

their patronage, and their connexions; and

in consideration thereof, and of his just ap-

pellation of Hero, he was most popular and

strongest in the plurality of votes. He was

defeated—defeated here in this hall, in the

House of Representatives, by men such as

we are—and what we, the representatives

of the people are, I will not name—by

means I will not describe. It is sufficient

to say, that the manner of his defeat was not

only enough to ensure his subsequent tri-

umph, but to rivet him immovably, right or

wrong, in the affections of his countrymen

forever. He became the champion of popu-

lar rights and the elective franchise, against

office-holders and office-seekers—the fa-

vorite pet of the people, who was to scourge

bribery and corruption, whose name was to

be a terror to all evil doers, whose policy

was to be reformation and reform, by

whom the independence of Congress, of

Executive patronage, was to be maintained,

by whom the patronage was to be curtailed

to harmless, and in whom "the line of

safe precedents" was to be broken and de-

stroyed. He was swept and rushed along

on the roaring tide of an overwhelming popu-

larity high up into office on the second

floor, and that popularity has never desert-

ed him—no fickleness in it, it has never re-

tired for a moment; notwithstanding strong

winds which have blown from every point

of the compass, and opposing currents in

every direction, it has continued to swell

and swell, until it has become a flood—I

will not say which threatens the dry land.

He came into power professing and pro-

claiming the most severe, ay, stoical demo-

cratic principles; the people confided in

him, were bound to him closer, and have

never wavered yet in their confidence—I

will not say, though he has tried it to the

utmost. Unfortunately for him, when

he was crowned with the reward of his

military service and inducted into office, he

not only found "competitors to be removed,

enemies to be punished," but he was beset

by friends from whom he should have

prayed to be saved. I will not say he was

lacking in these magnanimous qualifica-

tions of a truly great man, which alone

could rid him and guard him from these

misfortunes—for man, poor and feeble man,

is weak under the most ordinary tempta-

tions, and his virtue must be strong who

presides in a palace—but misfortunes they

were.

So it was, he was buoyed up in the af-

fections of the sovereign people. Has he

done wrong? He was popular. Has he

done worse than wrong? He was popular

and he was the President who could do no

wrong, and in whom popularity was joined

with power and patronage. Has ruthless

proscription for opinion's sake turned faith-

ful public servants out of their employment

and snatched from the mouths of their fami-

lies their bread? We are told the President

ordered the removals, and the people have

sanctioned proscription. Has favoritism

filled the vacancies which proscription has

made with the servile tools of party? So

do the bidding of power? We are told that

the President has need of his own friends,

and that the people have sanctioned the

maxim, that "to the victors belong the

spoils." Have the highest and richest of

spoils, worth more than half a million, been

bestowed as rewards upon members of

Congress, and has "corruption become the

order of the day?" We are told that the

President was the best judge of the selec-

tion of high functionaries, and that the peo-

ple have sanctioned "the order of the day."

As "the reign of Severus," the virtue

and even the good sense of the Emperors

had been distinguished by their zeal, or

affected reverence for the Roman Senate,

and by a tender regard to the nice frame

of civil policy instituted by Augustus, so

had the reign of Severus, the virtue

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